

CRIME MUST PAY THE **PENALTY!**

TRUE CASES OF ACTUAL CRIMES

10¢

AUGUST NO. 3



K



THERE WAS ROOM IN
KANSAS CITY FOR
ONLY ONE BIG GANG.
IT HAD TO BE LED BY
A MAN WHO TYPIFIED
ALL THE ROTTENNESS
AND RUTHLESSNESS
OF GANGDOM! SUCH
A MAN WAS JOHNNY
LAZIA... THE "KING
OF KANSAS CITY!"

SPECIAL FEATURE
"COMICRIME"
YOU BE THE DETECTIVE



The next time you hear voices —LISTEN!

It may be your conscience speaking.

It may be saying: "Save some of that money, mister. Your future depends on it!"

Listen closely next time. Those are words of wisdom. Your future—and that of your family—does depend on the money you put aside in savings.

If you can hear that voice speaking clearly, do this:

Start now on the road to automatic saving by signing up on your company's Payroll Savings Plan for the purchase of U. S. Savings Bonds.

There's no better, no surer way to save money. Surer because it's automatic . . . better because it pays you back four dollars for every three you invest.

Be it now. If you can't join the Payroll Savings Plan, tell your banker to enroll you in the Bond-A-Month Plan that enables you to purchase a bond a month through your checking account.

Remember—better *save* than *sorry*!



Automatic saving is sure saving — U.S. Savings Bonds



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King Of Kansas City



UNLIKE CHICAGO OR NEW YORK, THERE WAS ROOM IN KANSAS CITY FOR ONLY ONE BIG GANG. THERE WERE MANY BIG GAMBLERS... BUT ONE MAN... HE HAD TO BE MORE BLOODTHIRSTY, MORE DISCRIMINATING THAN THE REST. THE WINING GANG HAD TO DECLARE AN OPEN HATING REASON ON HARKING AND ITS POWER, MODERNITY IT HAD TO BE LED BY A MAN WHO TYPED ALL THE RUTHLESSNESS AND BLOODTHIRST OF GANG DON. SUCH A MAN WAS DON. JOHNNY LARA, THE "KING OF KANSAS CITY"!

IN 1934, JIMMY LARA WAS A DIME-A-DOZEN
SPICKY MAN, TENDING THE HELL HOLE
RUTH FROM HOLLOUP.....



.... TO CAPTURE ..



.... TO SENTENCE...



WELCOME TO THE SHEDDAGE!
THE GLASS RAILCY, HERE
A BUCKET TATTS WE, I
BORNED THE CELLBLOCK!



WHAT MAKES
YOU SO
HAPPY?

WHAT'S THERE TO GRY ABOUT?
A COUPLE OF YEARS TO
EXAMINE YOUR MISTAKES?
NEET BRILLIANT CROOKS?
BEST THING THAT CAN HAPPEN
TO A YOUNG CRIMINAL!



I'M IN THE HIGHER END,
THIS IS A BUCKEL
CASE, WHERE YOU TALK
TO NUTS ALL DAY!

TAKE ANY CARD, MEMORISE IT,
THEN STICK IT BACK IN THE
DECK!



JUST LOADED
WITH GENUS,
AREN'T YOU?

KEEP YOUR LOUZY TRICKS
TO YOURSELF! I'VE NO USE
FOR CLOWNS!



HAL, HA, HA, HA!
HAVEN'T HAD A
LAUGH LIKE THIS IN
A YEAR! HOLLO-LO!
HE HAS NO USE
FOR CLOWNS!...

WASTE YOUR
GONE TO BLOW
DOWN THE WALLS
WITH ONE DEEP
BREATH! YOU'RE
THE KING OF BAY
AND STONE AT
NOTHING!

THAT'S RIGHT!
NOW GET
BACK TO THE
SIDE OF THE CAVE
BEFORE I
KNOCK YOU
BACK!

THAT'S THE STUFF
TOUGH GUY! I WAS
JUST TRYING YOU.
IF I'D MET YOU
YEARS AND MONTHS
OF US WOULD BE
HERE, WITH MY
BANDY AND YOUR
MUSCLE, WE'D HAVE
EVERY CRACKET IN
TOWN SERVED UP!

WHAT
DO YOU
WEAK
NEE?

I CAN A STRONG
ARM JOINT. I
GOT SQUEEZED
OUT OF BUSINESS
JUST WHEN IT
WAS DYING OFF,
WITH A GUY LIKE
YOU AROUND.
THINGS LIKE THAT
COULDN'T
HAPPEN.

SOUNDS
LIKE
I'D DO
THE
DIRTY
WORK, AND
YOU'D CLEAN
UP.

I'M OFFERING A
PARTNERSHIP...
A SO-SO SET-UP.
YOU'D BE A DAP
TO TURN IT DOWN

THREE YEARS PASSED, THREE YEARS DREAMED WITH TEACHING AND PLANNING....

THE CHEAP TWO WINS UP
BEHIND THE 8-BALL! IT'S
THE GUY WITH AMBITION,
GONE AFTER THE BIG
BUNDS. THAT COMED OUT
AHEAD OF THE LAW!

WHAT'S A
CAMELBACK
CREEPER, DUKE?

IT'S A BREAK PUT
AGAINST THE CAMEL-
BACK OR RUDE TO
CONTROL YOUR GAMBLING
WHEEL.

I SET OUT TWO HORNS
BEFORE YOU TWO BUCKS.
I'LL BUY A COUPLE OF
BEN SHORES AND
COLLECT SOME
TOMORROWS FOR
YOU, SO WELL
WORTH NO TIME.

MR. I'LL
COLLECT
MY OWN TOMORROW
THAT'S BY END OF
THIS DEAL OVER.

1915 1916 1917

THIS BOWE LALA
CHARACTER, YOU MET
A 9744 HUNT 66
SHALL POTATOES DUKE
I NEVER HEARD OF
HIM.

JOBBY DO, BUT HE'S
GOT WHAT IT TAKES,
BARK, YOU'LL SEE
FOR YOURSELF WHEN
HE GETS DRIVING
NEXT WEEK.

IT FEELS GOOD TO BE BACK
IN CIRCULATION, I ALMOST
FORGOT THERE WERE DUKES
LIKE YOU VALANT AROUND.

ONE ISN'T VALANT AROUND
BOOKS, SHE'S ALL TIED
UP WITH ME. DON'T EVER
FORGET THAT, OUR PART-
NERSHIP DOESN'T INCLUDE
GLORIA.

NOW I'LL SHOW YOU
WHAT IT DOES
INCLUDE. THREE
ONE-DANCE-DOCE
JOINTS. FOUR GOOD
STORIES WITH BUDY
MACHINE. REGGIE. SLOT
MACHINES IN FIFTY
STORES IN TOWN AND
MORE COMING...

SABRUS DON'T
INTEREST ME, I
DO FOR SURE
THINGS LIKE
ENOUGH CASH
TO BUY DUES,
DUES AND DUES
TO HANDLE
THE EGGS.

HELL
TAKE
EM ALL

YOU LOOK
SWELL
BOOKS.
YOU FILL
A BITE
UP TO THE
LINGS.

YOU HEARD
WHAT DUKE
SAID, YOU'RE
THE GILL-
BLAST IT! I
DON'T
WANT ANY
TROUBLE,
ANYWAYS
NOT YET.

HERE'S ENOUGH TO
BUY AN ARMBAND
AND THE TIGHTEST
JOB IN K.C. IF YOU
NEED MORE, LET ME
KNOW, A BACKET IS
ONLY AS STRONG AS
ITS OWN CARRIERS

YOU GOT
THE RIGHT
IDEA, DUKE.
I'LL BUY UP
AN ARMY!



WHAT FACES YOU
THINK YOU CAN
TRUST BOOKS?

I DON'T! I'VE GOT
TO WATCH MY SHIP
EVERY INCH OF THE
WAY. IF I SEE HIM
ITCHING TO GIVE ME
THE DOUBLE-CROCK,
I'VE GOT TO BEAT
HIM TO THE PUNDA.

BOOKS LADIA!
FOR PETE'S SAKE
YOU WERE IN SHIP
FOR THREE YEARS
WHERE'D YOU GET
THE PUNDA FOR
THEIR DUES?

NEVER FAD!
NOW LISTEN, I WANT
TWENTY OF THE TIGHTEST
KUSSES IN K.C.
HELP ME FIND
EM AN' YOU'LL
BE RID
PLUNTY.

THREE YEARS
AT SAN
QUENTIN,
FIVE YEARS
IN AFRICA...
SPECIALTY IS
SAFE CRACKING
IN A DEAD BAIT
WITH ARTHUR...
BASTION, SO...
YOU NAME IT.

I WILL
THERE'LL
BE TRACER
IN THE
DOLLAR

THE
MAY.



TWENTY MEN, PASSED THE BOARD OF INSPECTION THAT WINTER GUY IN 1922.....

DO TEN YEARS FOR
RACED, AT SHIP-ING.
SUB-OUTS MY SPECIALTY.

IN LEAMINGTON THEY
CALLED ME ANNE OAKLEY
OF THE SHIP....

I CAN SEND A GROWBAR,
BUSTED OUT OF JAIL
THICE THE WAY...

I'M AN EX-AUTO
RACER. I CAN MAKE
A CENTS DO EVERY
THING BUT FLY...



BROTHER, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A MOB! CAN YOU PAY THEM, THOUGH?

WATER NOT WHAT I WAS THINKIN'... THESE GUYS JUST BELONG TO ME, NOT DICK. THEY GOT TO DO WHAT I SAY... WHEN I FINALLY PUSH DICK OUT OF THE PICTURE, THEY'VE GOT TO HELP ME MAKE IT STICK!

YOU'LL DRAW TOP DOUGH BUT IT'LL BE PEANUTS COMPARED TO WHAT YOU GET IF YOU STICK TO ME! THE BOOKS LAZAR HOB IS GONNA TO MAKE THEM NEW YORK GAMERS LOOK LIKE LADIES BEHIN' CIRCLES!

YOU'RE THE BOMB TO DO IT, BOOKS! MIXES WITH YOU!



YOU CAN KICK 'EM, BOOKS. THEY'LL SCARE THE BATS OFF ANY MOB IN THE WEST.

DUCK, BUT THEY NEED ACHON. THEY CAN'T GET AROUND LIKE YOUR CREW, RYAN! TIDDLY, NIKKE!

BOOKS! I WANT YOU TO DRIVE EVERY GAMBLER OUT OF KANSAS CITY.

YOUR HANDS SHAKING, HAGON!

... THAT'S WEATHER IN HERE YOU, BOOKS!



WHEN WE'RE THROUGH, THERE WON'T BE A TIMHORN LEFT IN KANSAS CITY! WE'LL TAKE AROUND EVERY CRISP JOINT AN IF THAT DON'T SCARE 'EM OPERATORS OUT, A COUPLE OF BLUES IN THE HEAD WILL WE BRUSH WITH RED TUCKER....

YOU AN'T COPPILL GET AWAY FROM THOSE TUMBLERS!

YOU'RE GOIN' OUT OF BUSINESS RED... & FAH! EVERY MACHINE, BOYS, IF THEY TRY TO STOP 'EM, SHOOT!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL

LET HIM HAVE IT!





MAKE IT SNAPPY GET
THAT T.S.T. INTO THE
STORE ROOM. JOB YOU
GOT THE RUBB?

EIGHT HERE ALL SET
TO BLOW TWO MINUTES
AFTER WE LEAVE....



DIRTY POOR
BRIKE, HE'S
EIGHT OVER
THIS ROOM

HE ASKED
FOR IT!

COME ON! SHELL
EXPLODE IN TWO
MINUTES....



WANTED THEM
HURRY?

FORGET 'EM
BOOGAS! WE'VE
GOT TO GET
RID OF THESE
WOPPERS. BAH,
DRIVE THE BUS
TO THE GARAGE.
SCRAPE THE
PAINT OFF THEN
COME BACK.

FINE, I HEARD
ON THE RADIO
IT WAS A
BLAST THAT
KILLED AKE
AND FOUR OF
HIS HOOKS.

WANTED
MIDNIGHT.
DURET?
ANYTHING
TO DO WITH
THOSE (SHE
HE SAW
BARKING OUT

THE DIRTY
WILDERNESS!
I WANT
EN BULLE!
DO YOU
HEAR?



WHERE CAN WE
FIND THEM?

POWER HOTEL, ROOM 871,
THOUGHT THEY COULD
RAKE A MONKEY OUT OF
DUKE RANLEY! I WANT
THEIR BUNS BASTED
OUT!



THE COPS WILL BE
AFTER US WHEN THEY
FIND OUT THE HUSSON
JOB WAS NO BAKS
DUKE, AND NOW THIS!
YOU'RE PLUNG TOO
RICH ON BOOGS!

TOO RICH! HA...HA...HA...
THAT'S A HOT ONE!
POOR LITTLE BOOGS...
HA, HA, HA!



W-YOU'RE
LAUGHING!

SURE I'M LAUGHING! I JUST
BENT THAT NECK TO TWENTY
YEARS IN STIFF THAT DOUBLE.
CROSSER WAS GETTING READY
TO BRICK A KNIFE IN MY BACK!



IT WAS THE WAY HE PICKED
THE KID... HA! HE'S NOW
TIPPED ME OFF! I WANT
A FIGHT FOR ME, WHEN
EVER HE WANTS IT! BUT
I BEAT THE LOUSY SCORILLA
TO THE PUNCH!

GOOD
HEAVENS!
I'VE GOT
TO KICK
BOOKS!



FOR TWO YEARS I'VE
BEEN DUKIN' BUTCHER
BOY, AFTER TONIGHT,
IT'S YOU AN' HE
SHALL RIN THE KID
JOE.

YOU SAID IT! I
WAS WONDERIN'
WHEN YOU'D GET
TRED PLAYIN'
BRAND BOY FOR
DUKE, GET BET.
BOOKS... WE'RE
COMIN' TO THE
HOWER HOTEL...



WHY DON'T I SEE
THIS DOUBLE CROSS
SOONER? FASTER!
YOU'RE CREEPING!

I'M DON' MORE
THAN FIFTY NOW!
LADY!



WELLING,
WELCOMED,
YOU GOT
A LITTLE
PARCHY
DOWN'
TO YOU...

GET
WIDE

(GASP)...
BOOKS
LALALA!

IF HE GOT
TO ME DON'T
SHOOT US
IN THE HEAD,
BOOKS... AIM
FOR THE
HEART!

PLEASE,
B-BOOKS
THE
TICKER
NOT THE
HEAD...

SURE,
WE
AM TO
PLEASE
BA, JOE?

WHY NOT?
THEY GOT
NO BRAMS
TO BLOW
OUT
ANYONE!

BEHAAA!

THEYD' EM,
BOYS!



IT'S LUCKY YOU WERE
ACCOMPANYING BOBOS!
IF YOU HAD REFUSED
THEIR "FIVE" REQUESTS
YOU'D BOTH BE DEAD
NOW.

NICE BULLET
PROOF VESTS
THEY WARE
THESE DAYS.

B.BULLET...
PROOF
VESTS?

SEE? IT WAS DUKE'S
IDEA HE WISHED HE
YOU AND JOE WERE
AFTER US.

THE DIRTY DOUBLES,
CROOKS!



...IT'S TOO LATE....
THEY'RE NOT BOBOS.

DUKE WILL GET HIS...
NO MATTER HOW
LONG IT TAKES!



JOE WOULD... 10-
YEARS... AND BOBOS
LAXA... 12 YEARS
IN THE STATE
PRISON!

I CAN WAIT
12 YEARS TO
GET YOU, DUKE.

HEH...
HEH...



THOSE THREE YEARS WERE TORTURE TO LAXA, RELIEVED ONLY BY ONE THOUGHT..... REVENGE!

THEY SAY DUKE'S SWITCHED
TO BOOTLESSNESS... HE'S THE
RICHEST BANKSTER IN KANSAS
CITY.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM
SUORA. WRITER SUELL
HELP HE PUT DUKE ON
THE SPOT WITH IN SPRING!
BAM! THAT'S SEVEN
YEARS FROM NOW!

TWO MORE YEARS
TO GO BEFORE I
CAN KILL THAT
BAST!



I SAW GORDIA YESTERDAY
SHE'S MEETIN' ME AT THE
BATES TOMORROW. SHE'S
GOIN' TO HELP ME FIND DUKE
AN' TALK OVER HIS FOLK.

YEAH, BUT REMEMBER
WHAT YOU PROMISED.
BOOKS, SO-BO WHEN
I GET OUT IN 1935.



IF I'D KNOWN DUKE
WAS A DAY SOONER
WE WOULDN'T HAVE
LOST 12 YEARS!

WE'LL MAKE UP FOR LOST
TIME, BABY. JUST SET
DUKE UP FOR ME... TELL
HIM YOU FOUND A SHELL
ALLEY DROP IN THE
COUNTRY...



I DON'T TO BE HANGING
ROUND HERE ABOUT WHEN
BOOKS SETS OFFERS
AROUND LOOKING FOR
LIQUOR DROPS. HE'LL BE
GOING FOR ALL THE
SECOND HER OUT.

YOU'VE GOT
TWO, DUKE!
STOP
WORKING!

GOOD
DIE! THIS
IS A
CINCH!



ALL RIGHT, DUKE.
RAISE 'EM!

WHAT'S
THE
BAG!

IT'S NO
BAG! BOOKS
IS HERE!

GOING FOR
THAT SON
MONT' HELP,
PUNK!



YOU'RE NEXT
DUKE!

S-BOOKS... (GULP)... PLEASE
DON'T KILL ME... I'VE GOT
THE BIGGEST ALLEY RACKET
WEST OF CHICAGO! I... I'LL
CUT YOU IN....



THANKS... YOU ALWAYS
WERE GENEROUS, DUKE.
SO I'M SURE YOU WON'T
(AND MY THANKS EVERYMAN)

WE'LL BUY THEM
IN THAT LINE SET
BEHIND THE BURN
BOOKS... NOBODY'LL
FIND THEM.



WELL, WE DID IT
BABY. NOW YOU
AND WE CAN SET
ON TOP OF THE
WORLD WHERE
WE BELONG!

DUKE'S BAND IS
REALLY YOUR
BAND, BOOKS!
THEY HATED THE
WAY DUKE PLAYED
PEOPLE FOR BRUCKER!
THEY'LL WELCOME
YOU BACK WITH
OPEN ARMS.

TO HEAL
WITH
DUKE!
YOUR
OWN
BAND,
BOOKS!
YOU
ALONE
HERE!

DON'T
I TELL
YOU?
FROM HERE
ON YOU GUYS
ARE GETTING
DOUBLE THE
THE CAT DUKE
BAND YOU!
WE'RE GOIN TO
BUILD A BRACKET
THAT'LL MAKE
CARKING
LOOK BOLD!

FOR TWO YEARS, BOOKS LATER
RULED THE ROOST IN KANSAS
CITY. HE BUILT DUKE'S ALLEY
MACHINE INTO A MONSTER OF
TERROR AND DEATH!



THANK, ONE MIN. IN HERE, JOE WALKS
CAME TO COLLECT HIS DUE.

YOU'RE SURE-CRAZY,
JOE... IF YOU
FRIENDLY OF ROOMS
UP 50% OF MY
BAGGERS! SEE THAT
HE'S ON THE TRAIN
TODAY! 50%!

YOU
DIRTY
WELCHER!

I THINK THE BOOKS
MADE A MISTAKE
NOT BRINGING JOE.
HE'S GOT MURDER
IN HIS EYES!

I'LL RIDE TO
THE FRONT
STOP THEN
I'M COMIN'
BACK, BOOKS.

A FEW DAYS LATER...

YOU SHOULD'VE
KILLED JOE.
I NEVER LEAVE
OFF WORRYING
ABOUT HIM
COMING BACK
FOR REVENGE.

JOE ROBERT
WORRY ME, NOW
FORGET IT, WE'VE
GOT A BIG NIGHT
AHEAD OF US!





AND SO IN THE SPRING OF 1933, BOOKER LAZIA GOT THE "CROWNING" HE AND ALL FELLOWS LIKE HIM DESERVE WHO TRY TO CREATE A KINGDOM OF DEATH IN A REPUBLIC OF LAW....



FRISCO MARY



9 MARY HENNER FOLLOWED THE
TRAIL OF COWBOYS AND ESCAPED
BUTLER'S REVENUE COMMISSION!
SHE'D A SERIES OF MAJOR
WOUNDS AND MENACE
WAS MURDERING GANG BATH-
ERS TUNING LAUREL AND BOOZY
THE "GRAY TRAIL" UNTIL THE
STRONG ARM OF THE LAW
STEPPED IN AND DEPARTED
THEIR JOURNEY INTO CRIME!!

HE HANDOUT OF THE FRANK
PENNYGODDIN CAN BEAN-
CROCK'S BARBARIC COMET...

WHA, FRANK...
LONG TIME NO SEE!
WE THOUGHT YA
DEPARTED US...
WHA, THE
EASY

I GOT MARRIED
MEET
THE FRANK
FELLERS
THEY'RE MARY
SHE'S THEROPE
IN WITH US.



SO THESE ARE
THE HOT-BOYS
YOU WERE
TELLING ME
ABOUT? THEY
AINT NOTHING
BUT TWO-BIT
PUNKS!

WHAT'S THAT
I OUGHTA
SLAP THEM
PRETTY TEETH
OUTTA THAT
LOUD MOUTH!
EYES! EYES!
BLOW!



DON'T TALK
TO ME LIKE
THAT, YOU
MURDER
LITTLE
BAST

HEY, MARK,
LAY OFF,
WILL YA?

OWWWW!
WHY
YOU!...



















Charley Peace



BRITAIN'S WORST CRIMINAL OF THE 19th CENTURY

BRIMON, ENGLAND, 1878.







TWO POUNDS, TEN, HENRY,
HARDLY WORTH THE TROUBLE
BUT IT WOULDN'T DO TO
DRIVE UP TO SIR
THOMAS'S WITHOUT A
GARRAGE!



A WHOLE
GADGON!
THANK YOU,
GOV'NER!

WAIT HERE,
I WON'T
BE A
MINUTE!



GOOD HEAVENS, FELLOW,
WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK
YOURSELF
AMHOOOOWOOP



OH SIR, SIR
THOMAS DESIRES
I WANT THIS
VISIT TO
"BE A SECRET"



I CAN'T RESIST VISITING
HIGH MEN, ESPECIALLY
THOSE WITH OPEN WALL
SAVES MAKE NO
GUYDOR! THE LEAST
SOUNDING WILL LAND YOU
IN YOUR GRAVE!



STAY WHERE
YOU ARE,
SIR THOMAS!

AND WATCH MY-
SELF BE HORSEKOP
THE DEVIL I WILL!
WILKINS!
WILKINS! THERE'S
A HORNER IN
THE HOUSE!



WILKINS? H-
OOOH-HOH

WHAT SOME
MEN WILL DO
FOR MONEY!
TAK! TAK!



SIR THOMAS!
H-H-H!

DON'T BE 'SO VERY
PROPERT IN THE
FUTURE, WILKINS!
GOOD SERVANTS
MAKE DEAD SERVANTS!



ANYTHING WRONG,
GOV'NER? I
HEARD SHOTS
INSIDE!

SIR THOMAS AND
A FEW FRIENDS WERE
SIMPLY REHEARSING
A HARDER PLAY!
HOW, BACK TO
TOWN, MY MAN
GOV'NER!!

REPORT HE DID, THE SERVANT HEN-HE
SAID THE KILLER MADE OFF WITH
SIR THOMAS'S WATCH... POLICE
ARE LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR THE
BLIGHTER... VISITING EVERY PUB IN
LONDON!



THE VERY FELLOW! MY SIZE AND WEIGHT!
I'VE GOT TO LEAVE MY WATCH WITH HIM
AND WATCH THE PUB.



NOBODY LEAVES THE PUB TIL HE'S BEEN
BEEN SEARCHED! LINE UP AGAINST
THE WALL!



GET UP THERE, YOU! YOU'RE
NO EXCEPTION!



NO WONDER HE WOULDN'T GET
UP! HE'S GOT SIR THOMAS'S
WATCH!



TEACH THESE ROGUES THE
WAGES OF SIN! STANTON HAS
BEEN!



I'M INNOCENT! I TELL YOU! I HAD
NOT THE WATCH WHEN I WALKED
INTO THE PUB! IT WAS PLANTED
ON ME!



HEN-HE! MURDER
WILL OUT!



DUE TO THE SOMEWHAT
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE OF
THIS CASE, THE COURT HAS
DECIDED TO BE
MERCIFUL. HARKEN
YOU ARE SENTENCED TO PRISON FOR LIFE!



A-HO! NO! I'M INNOCENT!
INNOCENT!

HEN-HE! THAT'S
WHAT THEY ALL SAY--AND NOW
I MUST ATTEND TO OTHER
BUSINESS!



NOBODY IN SIGHT...
AND NO WONDER...
A MISERABLE NIGHT.
THE PUB-KEEPER
SHOULD BE GLAD
OF ANY PATRONAGE
THAT COMES
HIS WAY!







TH-THAT RASE ON YOUR FRONT?
IT'S SPONGE! THAT SCREAMING
ABOUT M-MURDER...
ISULP! IT WAS
POSS!

QUITE SO!

HAD TO BE
OUT-OUT!
DIDN'T YOU?

DIDN'T IT AMPL, MR PEACE?
MR AND MRS DYSON WERE
SHOT TO DEATH!

PERFECTLY AMPL,
MR GADDOY! NOW,
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE
ME, I MUST GET
AN EARLY TRAIN!

I'LL MOVE TO SCOT, CHANGE MY
NAME TO "THOMPSON", CHANGE MY
APPEARANCE, AND GET ME ANOTHER
WIFE THROUGH A MARRIAGE BROKER.
ANOTHER YEAR OF ADDING TO MY
"ROCK COLLECTION", AND I'LL SO
ABROAD AND LIVE LIKE A KING!

FEW HOURS LATER...

CHARLEY PEACE IS THE KILLER
OUR WHOLE POLICE FORCE HAS BEEN
LOOKING FOR! THE STORIES YOU
TOLD, MR. GADDOY, OF MR
PEACE'S NIGHTLY WANDERINGS
ROUND OUT THE PICTURE
OF A FIERCISH
MURDERER!

HE M-MIGHT
HAVE KILLED
ALL OF US!

MONTH LATER...

CONGRATULATIONS, MR.
THOMPSON, I HOPE YOU
AND YOUR CHARMING
WIFE WILL BE
VERY HAPPY!

CHARMING! HUMPH!
I'D SOONER CALL A
STOCK CHAIRMAN! BUT
SHE MAKES A
VERY RESPECTABLE
FRONT FOR MY REAL
BUSINESS!

SHE'S AS
HONELY AS
SNU WHAT-
EVER DID
THOMPSON
SEE IN
THAT BELT
OVERLINGS!

AS TIME PASSED, CHARLEY ADDED
HIMSELF THE SAME QUESTION!

I DEMAND TO
KNOW WHERE
YOU GO AT
NIGHT!

I'VE TOLD YOU!
"ROCK" COLLECTING!
NOW, OUT OF MY
WAY!

I GIVE YOU
WARNING! IF YOU DO
ON PAYING
INTO MY APPEAR,
YOU'LL BE WEARING A
SHROUD!

GET AWAY FROM
THAT SEA CHEST!

SOON! OM!

THE YEAR PASSED INTO 1873,
AND CHARLEY PEACE CONTINUED
TO ROB AND KILL!

NOT A BAD NIGHT'S WORK, OVER
TEN POUNDS AND A GOLD WATCH!
ANOTHER NIGHT AT THIS RATE,
AND I CAN BAIT THE GARDEN'S
THROAT AND LEAD THE LIFE OF
RILEY IN PARIS!



LIGHTS ON IN THE
ATTIC! THAT FISH-FACE
IS MESSING AROUND
WITH MY SEA CHEST
AGAIN! TONIGHT, I'LL
DO THE JOB ONCE
AND FOR ALL...



AT LAST I KNOW YOUR SECRET,
CHARLEY PEACE! YEE, I OPENED
YOUR CHEST. I FOUND NEWSPAPER
CLIPPINGS OF ALL YOUR
MURDERS! I FOUND THE BOOTY
OF YEARS OF KILLING! YOU
EVEN KILLED YOUR WIFE
BEFORE ME!!



BO? AND WHAT
DO YOU INTEND
TO DO
ABOUT IT,
MY PIGEON?



...BRING YOU DOWN TO THE POLICE
STATION! SHOW THEM THE
EVIDENCE IN THIS
CHEST! YOUR POOR
CONSCIENCE MUST
TORMENT YOU!
THERE IS A DESIRE
FOR REPENTANCE
IN EVEN THE
WORST OF
US ALL!



HERE IS MY
REPENTANCE!



AND CHARLEY PEACE RAGES
OUT OF THE HOUSE...



HALF HOUR LATER, THE POLICE KNEW THE TRUE
NATURE OF PEACE'S MADNESS. **WORSE MADNESS!**

INCREDIBLE! THOMPSON'S
THE MASTER MURDERER
OF ALL TIME---?



AND SO, ON A MAY DAY, IN 1873, THE WORST
MURDERER OF THE 19TH CENTURY GANCED AT
THE END OF A LONG ROPE!

THESE HANDS FOR THE BEAST
RESPONSIBLE FOR MY
CONVICTION! 'TIS A
HAPPY SIGHT TO SEE
HIM MEET HIS HEMLOCK!



MURDER FOR PROFIT

A TRUE CRIME STORY

RUFUS McKEEFE crept cautiously from the rear door of the run-down farmhouse and headed toward the barn. From a corner of the structure, he stopped to glance up at the lighted windows in the house. It wouldn't be long now. He dipped one hand into his coat pocket and brought out a package of tobacco. He rolled some of it into a crude cigarette and placed it in his mouth. Twenty minutes later, the lights in the house went out.

Silently, he slipped through the rear door and fumbled in the darkened hallway until his fingers wrapped themselves around a heavy hammer resting on the clothes shelf. After removing his shoes, he headed up the staircase, his hand gripping the balge in his back pocket. This was his first crack at murder, but he was by no means an amateur. Rufus McKeefe, who had tricked justice for years, had carefully planned how to accomplish the simple liquidation of three people! Through one of the moon-lit windows, he could see his prey—a young couple peacefully sleeping. The hammer hand came up as he stalked silently in his stocking feet. Now he was over the couple and letting down at them. His mad mind visualized just how the hammer would split their skulls open.

The woman received the first blow, and her head rolled sideways, drenching the pillow with blood. The man, awakened by the disturbance, sat up dazed with sleep and once more the hammer came down. The murderer now hurriedly moved through the door and ran down the hallway to a second bedroom. On a folding bed, was a big, gaunt man deep in sleep. McKeefe placed the revolver against the man's temple and blew his brains out. His work was done. But no professional would think of leaving the scene of his crime without performing the coup de grace. Returning to the first bedroom, he fired his gun twice more, sending bullets through the temples of the young couple. There would be no hospitalized victims to give him away!

The next morning, Sheriff James Wade sat in deep thought in the living room of the Queen, Minnesota, farmhouse. He surmised that the murders were apparently committed by a jealous fiend who sought only to accomplish a deed of revenge. This seemed proved by the fact that nothing of importance was stolen. Two prize cows and a broken down Ford truck had been taken from the garage. But a man doesn't kill for such a small amount of loot. It didn't make sense. There were objects in the house that would have made a "murder for profit" much more inviting.

The sheriff was determined to get to the bottom of things and he let his mind run over the details of the crime. The couple had been beaten horribly with a blunt instrument, while the hired man had been shot through the head. Why? Could it be that the killer wished to wreak some sort of vengeance on the couple? If so, why murder the hired man? Suddenly, the sheriff sat up—of course! The murderer had evidently clubbed the couple first and once they were silenced, shot the hired man and then returned to make sure of the couple's death.

The sheriff promptly inquired for further leads from the nearby farmhouses and soon cornered Luke Rider, son of the nearest neighbor. Pressing the boy for information, the lad informed him: "Mr. and Mrs. Olin had once hired a farm hand. He was a funny cuss. Name was Rufus McKeeffe. Never seemed to get along too well with people."

The sheriff thanked the boy for his help and concentrated on tracking down the suspect. A general alarm was sent out to all stock yards to be on the lookout for a man attempting to sell two cows answering to milk certification numbers stamped on the ears of the cows. It wasn't long after that a stock company called back. A check for one hundred and fifty dollars had already been issued to a man answering the description of the suspected killer. It had been drawn on the Dreyer National Bank.

Sheriff Wade and two officers raced to the

bank and learned that the check had not been cashed as yet. Waiting patiently for their quarry, Rufus McKeeffe soon drove up to the bank and was allowed to cash the check. When he came out, he was startled to find his car surrounded by two officers and prepared to make a break. Sheriff Wade, however, made a flying tackle and brought the murderer down!

After a quick confession, Rufus McKeeffe was sentenced to the Stillwater State Prison where the warden, interested in the odd crime, made a careful check of the killer's past. He found that McKeeffe had started out on the wrong road at an early age. At fifteen, he had tried to cash forged checks and then advanced to horse stealing. That, and the compiling of other small crimes sent the criminal to prison five times.

The warden called the murderer into his office and asked, "Tell me, McKeeffe. Why did you murder those three people? You had never done anything more serious than check forging before!"

"Those varmint!" scoffed the killer. "They were always picking on me. I swiped the cows and then got rid of the skunks so that they couldn't prefer charges against me!"

Were these brutal slayings committed out of sheer vengeance or was it for unlawful profits? It had little significance to the mad murderer — for he was soon to learn that Crime must pay the Penalty!

COMICRIMES

You be the detective! Read this story carefully and keep your eyes open for clues that will help solve the case of the **AVENGING DEVIL!**



DON'T BE HASTY, JONATHAN! ALICE PROBABLY SPOKE IN A STATE OF Hysteria!

YOU HATED ALICE FOR DISCOURAGING THE IDEA OF HAVING YOU SHARE IN THE CONTROL OF MY CHEMICAL PLANTS! NOT WANTING THE POLICE IS HIGHLY INCrimINATING!

HOW DARE YOU!



I'M WARNING YOU, JONATHAN! IMPOSING THE LAW WILL ONLY CAUSE UNNECESSARY PUBLICITY AND DISGRACE THE NAME OF FORTUNE!

COME, FRANK! LET'S ER... TAKE A STROLL THROUGH THE GARDEN!

...AND IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL RETIRE TO MY ROOM!



HELLO?... HOMICIDE BUREAU?... THIS IS THE HOUSE OF FORTUNE! I SUSPECT MY WIFE HAS BEEN MURDERED AND...

GREAT CAESAR! THE DEVIL!



IT'S UNRELIABLE!



THE POLICE SOON ARRIVE...

...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, LIEUTENANT!

GRAN, HAVE THE LAB EXAMINE THE WEAPON FOR CLUES!

YES, SIR!





THE POLICE LIEUTENANT HEADS FOR HIS COLLECTIVE...



A LOOSE BRICK... AND BEHIND IT... AN IRON HANDLE!



WELL, I'LL BE... ??... USARH! IT'S A HIDDEN DOOR!



WORK! SO THAT'S IT! THIS TUNNEL LEADS THROUGH THE FIREPLACE AND INTO THE LIBRARY! THE MURDERER USED THIS ASBESTOS DEVIL'S COSTUME TO STEP THROUGH THE FLAMES!



THE DETECTIVE RETURNS TO THE LIBRARY AND...

LIEUTENANT! — I JUST GOT THE REPORT ON THE WEAPON!

AH— GOOD, DUGAN? GIVE IT HERE!



AMMA... THIS CONFIRMS MY SUSPICIONS! THE MURDERER HAS SHOWN HIS HAND!



WHO IS THE MURDERER AND WHAT CAUSED HIS DOWNFALL?

Looko fortune — SEE
 Mark Fortune — NEXT
 North Prescott — PAGE
 Tessa, the maid — FOR
 SOLUTION!

SOLUTION: The Case of "THE AVENGING DEVIL"

Alice Fortune died not from the actual thrusts of the fork, but from strychnine which was found on its points. Devil's costume was made of asbestos, therefore, chemicals such as these would be traceable to one having easy access to them. Such a person would be, Martin Prescott, Jonathan Fortune's business partner in the many chemical plants they controlled.

When Police Lieutenant was informed that devil was struck on wrist with great force, he examined the suspects closely and discovered Prescott's wrist to bare an adhesive patch.

Prescott murdered Alice Fortune because she refused his hand in marriage and, instead, chose his partner, Jonathan Fortune. Vowing nobody would have her if he couldn't, Prescott killed her and attempted to murder his partner out of sheer jealousy.

SUR-PRIZE CONTEST WINNERS

- 1ST PRIZE** - \$ **15.00** - LEON GREWRY, BOX 540, ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.
2ND PRIZE - \$ **5.00** - STEVE DUKE, 591 HOWE AV., SHELTON, CONN.
3RD PRIZE - \$ **3.00** - JIMMY NEWELL, 1024 E. 4TH ST., CHARLOTTE, N.C.
4TH PRIZE - \$ **2.00** - IRENE NAVA, P.O. BOX 1074, INDIO, CALIF.

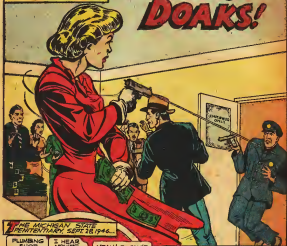
THANKS...

...TO OUR THOUSANDS OF READERS WHOSE EXCELLENT LETTERS PROVED THAT OUR MAGAZINE HELPS CREATE A LASTING IMPRESSION ON THE EVILS OF CRIME. YOUR RESPONSES WERE RECEIVED WITH SINCEREST GRATITUDE BY THE PUBLISHER AND STAFF OF...

PENALTY COMICS

Sent to prison as
former members of
the Kerr mob, August
Doaks and his girl-
friend, Connie, blood-
ed silently... waiting
until the time was ripe
for escape! Then it
came... and once more
police were hurried
with the order...

.....GET AUGUST DOAKS!



**THE MICHIGAN STATE
PENITENTIARY, SEPT. 28, 1946...**

PLUMBING
SHOP
DETAIL—
HALT!

I HEAR
YOU'RE
LARNING
THIS CAGE
TODAY,
DOAKS!

YEAH! I CAN'T
TAKE TWENTY
YEARS IN THIS
DUMPT. I'M
MAKIN' MY
BREAK AFTER
THE NOON
COUNT-OFF!

THINK YOU
CAN CLEAR
THE WALL
BEFORE THE
SCREW
CHOPPERS
GET CHA?

I'VE GOTTA ' BEEN
THINKIN' OF NOTHIN'
ELSE FOR TWO
YEARS! THAT AN
SPRIGN! CONNIE
FROM THAT HATCH
DOWN IN
LOUISVILLE!



DOAN'S SLIPS FROM LINE
AFTER THE COUNT-OFF...

PLUMBING
DETAIL—
MARCH!

I'VE FIVE MINUTES 'TIL
THEY MISS ME IN THE
SECOND CHECK-OFF IN
THE MESS-HALL! BY
THEN I MUST BE
OVER THAT
WALL!



THERE! I...? THE...
THEY'VE SPOTTED ME! I
GOTTA MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

HALT!



MADE IT!

SO LONG YUH
LOUSY SCREWS!
YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME AGAIN!



I'LL HEAD FOR
LOUISVILLE! I'LL
GET A JOB AS
GARDENER AT THE
WOMAN'S REFORM
SCHOOL WHERE
CONNOR'S CAGED!
THE COPS'LL
NEVER LOOK
FOR ME
THERE!



TWO WEEKS LATER
THE LOUISVILLE
KENTUCKY RE-
FORMATIONARY FOR
WOMEN...

POST
CONNOR!
IT'S ME
AUGY!

WHA?
AUGY,
HONEY!
HOW'D
YOU
GET—?



BROKE LOOSE A FEW WEEKS
AGO AN' COME DOWN TO
SPEND YOU! I'LL STEAL
A CAR TONIGHT AN'
WE'LL BLOW THIS JOINT!

GOSH, MAKE
IT SOON,
HONEY...



THE NEXT EVENING...

IT WAS A
CHINCH TO
SUP AWAY,
HON! THEY
WON'T MISS
ME FOR AN
HOUR! WHERE
ARE WE
HEADED?

TEXAS BABY!
THERE'S FAT
BANDROLLS
OUT THERE
AN' WIDE-OPEN
SPACES TO
HIDE IN!



FOR SEVERAL MONTHS THE
DUO TERRORIZED THE
SOUTH-WEST!

HEIST 'EM,
FOUS!

GUN FOR
IT, BABY!
I'LL
COVER
YOU!

JUICE IT,
BABY! WE
GOTTA
MAKE
TRACKS
OUTTA
HERE!

TWO THOUSAND BUCKS,
NON! NOT BAD FOR
ONE NIGHT'S WORK!

IT'S CHICKEN-FEED
TO WHAT WE'RE
GONNA GET! WE'RE
PULLIN' OUTTA HERE
AFTER DARK, AN'
HEADIN' FOR NEW
YORK, AN' THE BIG
TIME!



FOUR DAYS LATER GUY-
DOVE SOMERVILLE, N.Y....

SEE, ALBY WERE
BITTIN' ON TOP OF
THE... ALBY...
COPS!

I SEE 'IM!
WATCH ME
SPILL THE
BEAT!

AGGG!

YOU GOT
HIM, ALBY!

GET IN THAT
CAR! WE'RE
GONNA FIND
A NICE LONELY
ROAD AN' SHOW
YOU WHAT WE
DO WITH COPS!

THEY DON'T LIKE
COP-CELLERS IN
THIS STATE,
CHUM!

GLIME IN OR
YOU'LL GET
IT RIGHT
HERE!



LATER...
GET OUT, COPPER
AN' START
PRAYIN'!

YOU'RE PLAYIN'
WITH FIRE...
AND YOU
MIGHT...!



GET
BURNED!

YOU STINK
COP! GET 'IM,
CONNIE!



WHA...?

BANG!

OOF!

WE'D BETTER GET MOVING, CONNIE! THAT COP'LL HAVE THE WHOLE STATE ON OUR TAIL!

THEY WON'T GET FAR! I'LL SEND OUT AN ALARM FOR THEM FROM THE SERVICE STATION ON THE NEXT ROAD!



MINUTES AFTER THE PROCTOR'S ALARM, ROAD BARRIERS ARE SET UP...

AWAY!
LOOK!

WE SHOULD'VE KILLED THAT S'CRIF! THE COP' HANGS ON, CONNIE! WE'RE GOING THROUGH!



THAT'S THE PAIR THAT KIDNAPPED OFFICER KRELL! LET'S GET 'EM!

CRASH!

STATE POLICE



THEY'RE GAINING ON US, NON!

THEIR CRATE'S SOUPED UP! WE'LL NEVER OUT-RUN 'EM IN THIS HEAP! I GUESS YOU AN' ME PART HERE, BABY!



DON'T LEAVE ME!

IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF! SO-LONG, KID!



I'LL ALERT HEADQUARTERS TO SURROUND THIS AREA! WE'LL SMOKE HIM OUT LIKE A MAD DOG!

HE RAN OUT ON ME!

WHY THE SURPRISE? HE'S JUST LIKE ANY RAT OVERSETHING A SMOKE SHIP!

BY NIGHTFALL THE ENTIRE AREA WAS SURROUNDED! DOAKS FOUND HIMSELF PREESSED IN A SHIFTLY HARBORING CIRCLE TOWARDS MORNING, HE SAW A CHANCE TO BREAK THROUGH THE POLICE LINE'S...



THEY'VE PASSED WITHOUT SEEING ME! I'M GONNA MAKE IT! I GOTTA MAKE IT! THEY'LL KILL ME IF THEY FIND ME THEY'LL KILL ME!



A RAILROAD! I'LL FOOL THOSE GOP'S YET! I'LL HOP A RATTLER AN...?

HELLO, THERE?



DON'T SHOOT! DON'T KILL ME! I GIVE UP! I GIVE UP!

YOU'RE DOAKS! HELLO! HEY! I GOT DOAKS! HEY, OFFICERS...!



YOU'RE A FAILURE AS A TOUGH GUY, DOAKS! YOU LET AN UNARMED TRACK WALKER CAPTURE YOU!

YUH MEAN HE DIDN'T HAVE A GUN? THE DUTTY DOUBLE CROSSIN' RAT! LEHME GET MY HANDS ON 'IM!



DOAKS HAS RETURNED TO THE RE-REFORMATORY... AND IN SEPT. 1948, BECAME A NEW JERSEY JUDGE IN TRENTON...

...AND I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU, AUGUST BERNARD DOAKS TO A LIFE-TERM IN THE NEW JERSEY STATE PENITENTIARY!

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME... SOB SOB!

And this following in the train of all law-breakers, whimpering August doaks learned "NOT -- CRIME MUST PAY THE PENALTY!"

The SCOURGE OF THE SOUTH



1A PRISON IN NORTH CAROLINA





DO YOU WANT TO BREAK INTO THE ALKY BACKET, EH? OK, -BUT YOU'LL START FROM THE BOTTOM, PAYNE!

THAT SLEET ME FINE, BILLIN. WHEN DO I START?

TOMMOROW, KNOW HOW TO USE A TOMMY?



SURE --- BUT I THOUGHT BOOT-LEGGING WAS A SINCH?

YOU THOUGHT WRONG. YOU'LL SEE TONIGHT!



ALL I'VE BEEN SO FAR ARE BOURBONELS. BOURBONELS DON'T HUNCK, DO THEY?

CUT THE COMEDY! I ALMOST WISHED YOU RUN INTO SOME REDS! IT'D KNOCK SOME OF THAT CONCENT OUT OF YOU, PAYNE!



DEAD! I GOT MY WING IN SNAKE'S HEADS! -THEY'VE BLOCKED THE ROAD! WE'VE GOT TO RAM THROUGH!

ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU'LL PUSH THE MOTOR INTO OUR LAPS!



COME BACK HERE, YOU YELLOW RAT!

YOU'RE CRACKED. YOU'LL NEVER LIVE THROUGH THAT CRASH! SEE YOU IN THE OBITUARY COLUMN, SUCKER!



THE ONE INSIDE THE CAB IS A GONER!

GET THAT TRIGGER--HAPPY BLINK!



I'M BEATIN' IT BACK TO TOWN AND RIN THAT GILLIN FOR SETTING ME UP ON HIS TRUCK LIKE A CLAY PIGEON IN A SHOOTING GALLERY!

AT THIS RANGE, I CAN TAKE HIM ALIVE!



YEEENNN!

UNLESS YOU GO STRAIGHT, PAYNE-- THE NEXT FEDERAL MAN WHO DRAWS A BEAD ON YOU MAY NOT BE SO MERCIFUL! I'M GIVING YOU SEVEN YEARS TO THINK IT OVER!

YOU'LL BE THE CHUMPS TELLING FOR MERCY NEXT TIME! WAIT AND SEE!

WHAT'S BEEN THAT GUY PAYNE? HE DON'T CHUM WITH NOBODY.

EVERY CON HERE IS IN ON AN ALKY BAP-- AND HE HATES ANYBODY CONNECTED WITH SCOTLESSIN'!

FIVE MORE YEARS TO GO IN THIS IRON CAGE! IT'S ALL THAT GUY O' GILLIN'S FAULT!

AND HED BETTER COME THROUGH!

WHEN I GET OUT, I'M GOING TO ASK GILLIN TO SWOOP THIS BAP!

IF HE TURNS ME DOWN, I'LL KILL HIM!

THE DAY PAYNE DREAMED ABOUT CAME IN SEPT. OF 1930--

YOU'RE GONNA SHIP OUT WITH A RAT BUNDLE FOR THE TOUGH TIME I HAD, GILLIN! WHEE! I WANT NUTS IN STEEL, YOU MADE MILLIONS!

GETTIN' CAUGHT WAS YOUR TOLUSH LUCK!

LISTEN--YA RAT IS? EITHER OPEN THE MONEY BASS OR ONE ON YA! WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR CASH?

WHOWIE? IN MY SAFE? LETS GO! I-- I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT, PAYNE!

GRAB, BUT NO PUNNY STUFF!

SCUSE-- I'LL SHOW THE BUN! HE DOESN'T KNOW I KEEP A ROD IN MY SAFE!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT GILLIN'S APARTMENT...

THERE'S FIVE GRAND, WANT MORE? WAIT TILL HE STARTS COUNTING THE JACK--

SURE... TONG US TEN MORE, YOU WON'T MISS IT, GILLIN!

YA NO GOOD CRUMB! YOU WON'T LIVE TO SPEND IT!





LOOK, DAD, WE'VE BEEN DANCING ALL NIGHT! SUPPOSE YOU CONTINUE THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE OVER A COUPLE OF BEERS?

OKAY, HONEY, BUT YOU'RE REALLY IN THE CHAMPAGNE CLASS!



LOOK, I'VE HEARD THEM STORIES BEFORE... HOW I SHOULD BE IN MINKS AND STUFF! IT'S A PIPE DREAM.

LISTEN, BABY! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS POINT THIS HEATER IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AND YOU'LL PICK THE DOUGH OFF THE TREE!



YOU'VE CONVINCED ME, HANDSOME! OKAY, IT'S A DEAL!

THAT'S THE STUFF, HONEY... I'M BURSTING WITH IDEAS!



WELL, I GOT THE JOB. PARLORMAID IN THE DITTIEST MANSIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA! WHAT NOW?

FIND OUT WHERE THEY STACK THEIR JEWELS! I'LL COME OUT ONE NIGHT AND PICK 'EM UP!



THE JEWELS ARE IN THE BEDROOM CLOSET!

WHEW! WHAT A HAUL! TWENTY GRAND WORTH AT LEAST BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON! NO MORE WEIGHT TO BOLE!



BRIGHT GAL GETTING ME THE SAFE COMBINATION!

GRRRRR!



W-HOLY SMOKE!... WHERE'D THEY COME FROM??



WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING AND BARKING ABOUT?

THEY'RE LIONS, NOT DOGS! YAAAA!



DOGS HAVE FOUND A KOWLER! THEY'LL TEAR HIM TO PIECES!







BELL! THEY
HIT ME!—MUT-
(GARY)...BUT

GO TO
BLAZES!
IT'S YOUR
OWN FAULT!



NO BEMER
FOLLOWING
THEM IN THERE!
THEY CAN DRAG
US OFF LIKE
SITTING
DUCKS!

—LOOK HERE,
GAMES—YOUR
BUTTY BULLS
RAN OUT ON
YOU, BUT YOU
CAN GET BACK
AT THEM BY
TALKING

TALK? I'LL
YELL ABOUT
THAT RAT!



WEEK LATER

MR. GIRL FRIEND, MILLIE
ROWAN, LIVES IN SANFORD

GOOD
AFTERNOON
MISS ROWAN

—FEDERAL
MEN!



YOU FACE THIRTY YEARS,
MISS ROWAN—BUT WE
PROMISE TO LIGHTEN
YOUR SENTENCE IF YOU'LL
HELP US NAL PAYNE!

COME I
WANT AT
ONCE, BELL—
—WANT YOU
TO BOTHER YOU
MOM, LOVE,
MILLIE...

OKAY, YOU
WON'T I'LL SEND A
TELEGRAM TO
EVERY POST
OFFICE IN
NORTH CAROLINA



UNFORTUNATELY, MILLIE'S MESSAGE DIDN'T
COME SOON ENOUGH TO SAVE THE LIVES OF
OFFICERS LEONARD FENTON AND CARL TIER

KILLED AS THEY
BOUGHT TO
CAPTURE
PAYNE...

...BUT IN THE
POST OFFICE
AT WAREHOUSE

A TELEGRAM
FROM MILLIE!
—HOW ABOUT PAYNE
LOW FOR A
WHILE IN
SANFORD?

YOU GET—I FEEL
I'VE BEEN IN A
BUT FACE BOOKING
THEM FEELS ALL
THE TIME!



THEY'RE COMING! PULL THIS
RIGHT AND WE WON'T EVEN
HAVE TO SQUEEZE A
TRIGGER!

TELEGRAM!
WILL EXPECT ME IN
SANFORD TOMORROW
NIGHT. LOVE,
BELL.



WELCOME
HOME,
BOYS!

THERE'S A GUEST
ROOM WAITING FOR
YOU BOTH AT THE
STATE PEN! THEY
CALLY THE GAS
CHAMBER

FEDS!



SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT
ON JULY 1, 1935...

YOU'RE
NEXT
PAYNE!

N-NO! NO!
GIVE ME
A SHOT!

SURE, THE SHOT
BROKE YOU GAVE
THOSE INNOCENT
PEOPLE YOU
MURDERED IN
YOU GOT IT...

YOUR LUCKY 7

HEY! SAVE A
COPY OF **PENALTY**
AND **SUPER-
MYSTERY** FOR ME!

HEY! I WANT
HAP HAZARD!

WE WANT
MONKEYSHINES!

I JUST LOVE
THAT **ANDY!**

M-M-M-AND
NOW ABOUT
DOTTY?

BUY ONE OF
EACH, KIDS! THEY'RE
ALL TERRIFIC!

-AND I CAN'T WAIT
UNTIL THAT NEW
BOOK **VICKY** IS
OUT!



Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waist in six weeks!"
Betty Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.



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With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.



"After 10 days, I lost 10 lbs. in 10 days!"
I used the Spot Reducer for 10 days and I lost 10 lbs. in 10 days. I am so glad I used it." — Mary Ann, N. Y.

Miss Mary Ann, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I used Spot Reducer for 10 days and I lost 10 lbs. in 10 days. I am so glad I used it."

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Send me at once, for \$2 each, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

FREE

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